

THE  
Dramatic and Literary Censor,

FOR  
SEPTEMBER 1801.

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UTRUM HORUM?

MR. COOKE, or the MANAGER?

THE non-appearance of Mr. Cooke, on the opening night of Covent Garden Theatre, to the extreme disappointment of the public, has naturally directed the attention of the public to the true motive and efficient cause of his absence, and led to much serious enquiry and discussion, with whom the blame of that disappointment virtually rests;—whether with Mr. Cooke, or with the manager? On the one hand, it is contended, that Mr. Cooke was utterly ignorant of his being cast in the play for the opening night:—on the other, it is confidently maintained, that he had due and timely notice of that circumstance. It is a matter of public notoriety, that the bills of Covent Garden theatre, announcing Mr. Cooke, in the part of *Richard*, were exhibited and posted about the town nearly a fortnight previous to the opening. It is equally notorious, that Mr. Cooke's name was advertised in the newspapers, and, of course, promulgated all over the kingdom. This circumstance of itself, may almost be deemed sufficient warning and notification to the performer of the necessity of his holding himself in readiness to discharge his duty.

But the manager did not stop here. Independant of these public calls upon his services, Mr. Cooke received a private and epistolary communication. Thus far, it appears, the manager stands wholly acquitted of any neglect or remissness on his part. He did all that his situation and public obligation could require. That the proprietors of the theatre had not the remotest suspicion, even on the

morning of opening, of the disappointment, which unfortunately occurred, we can take upon ourselves to affirm. It was not till a provincial paper, (in which Mr. Cooke's benefit was announced, for that very night, at Newcastle) was sent them from the office of the *Morning Herald*, that they gave up the hope of his arrival.

We enter not on this discussion, with the design of criminating Mr. Cooke. We by no means wish to expose him to obloquy or odium. It rests for him, on a future occasion, to justify his conduct to the public. We have only endeavoured to show, that no blame, in this part of the transaction, attaches to the manager. And having, as we trust, sufficiently established the innocence of the one,—we seek not to urge matters to extremities, by substantiating the guilt of the other. In how far private and personal convenience can be advanced, in plea for a neglect of public duty—in how far ephemeral interest can extenuate the non-observance of public obligation, we leave it to the gentleman himself to determine.

The reports which have since appeared in the public prints, respecting Mr. Cooke's indisposition, together with the letters and testimonials of gentlemen of the faculty, confirming these accounts, we pass over in silence, as totally unconnected with the main object of enquiry. The sudden indisposition, with which Mr. Cooke was unfortunately attacked, at Newcastle, on Monday night, may constitute an adequate apology for his non-arrival in town, *subsequent* to that event. But no accident that befalls him at Newcastle, on Monday *night*, can be admitted in excuse for his not being in London on Monday *morning*. Hence it obviously results, that all discussion on this point is foreign to the question.

But if we acquit the manager, as most cheerfully we do, of all culpability and blame, in the first instance, as far as involves the cause of Mr. Cooke's absence, we cannot refrain from condemning, and that most pointedly, his subsequent



subsequent line of conduct. In a case of such serious disappointment, it certainly was his bounden duty to have *voluntarily* stepped forward with a fair and manly statement, in apology for the awkward predicament in which the theatre was placed. The attempt to substitute another play, in lieu of that, which the audience *had a right to demand*, without a previous apology, was an act highly reprehensible, indecent and flagitious. In that light it was very properly regarded by the public, and we witnessed with pleasure the manifestations of honest resentment which ensued. Then, indeed, when it was found impossible to avoid it—when the performers were not suffered to proceed—when the “angry spirits that ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm!” were up, and in motion—then, indeed, an apology was offered. But what could the manager, under such circumstances, expect? What grace, what favour could he hope to gain from an apology, not *given*, but *extorted*?—from a *forced*, not a *free-will* peace offering? The tardy sacrifice experienced the fate it merited: it was treated with contempt—was insulted, spurned at, and rejected.

Yet, though we are free to express our censure of the manager, where we deem him reprehensible,—we must not suffer our zeal to carry us beyond the bounds of justice. Without relaxing, in the slightest degree, from the rigour of our denunciation, we must observe that (waving the error of the manager, in *with-holding* an apology till it was fairly *wrested* from him) his subsequent conduct was highly proper and becoming. Several of the public prints, in their animadversions on the transactions of this night, have accused Mr. LEWIS of pertness and contemptuous behaviour towards the audience. This is a charge, which to us, who paid the strictest attention to the whole of the proceedings, appears utterly unfounded and unjust. It should be recollected that Mr. LEWIS stood, on this occasion, in a predicament peculiarly critical and embarrassing. It was not a question of individual feeling that he was now  
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called upon to decide. The point at issue involved at once the honour of the proprietors, and the conduct of one of the most valuable co-adjutors of the theatre. The latter could not be implicated, without detriment to the general interests of the concern. Thus circumstanced, it behoved him to reply with caution, and to study brevity, rather than prodigality of speech.

The questions directly put to Mr. LEWIS\* by different persons, were, many of them, to say the least, of a very peremptory and *cavalier* nature. With the feelings of a gentleman, Mr. LEWIS answered even *these* interrogatories with deference, and in his sense of respect for the audience collectively, lost sight of individual rudeness. The offer to return the money to such as were dissatisfied, was made with all possible delicacy, on the part of the manager. It was prefaced by an apology, and was not advanced, till every fair attempt had been tried to reconcile the discontented to a change of the performances, which imperious necessity rendered unavoidable.

Ere we dismiss this subject, we cannot refrain from expressing our astonishment and regret, that among the numerous new engagements, the manager has not enlisted a person, who might occasionally supply Mr. Cooke's place in cases of sudden emergency. The only gentleman at present attached to the Covent Garden company, who is capable of acting in this capacity, is Mr. Murray,—but then it so happens, that there is not a single play in which Mr. Cooke performs, in which Mr. Murray has not likewise a character to sustain.

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\* A gentleman of some rank and fashion, in the stage box, in a kind of *private* confabulation with Mr. LEWIS, requested him to take Mr. Cooke's place, and act *Richard* himself. Mr. LEWIS returned the gentleman thanks for his kind advice, but modestly pleaded his inability in excuse for not complying with his desire; on which the gentleman proposed to him to *read the part*.



## THEATRICAL RETROSPECT.



## THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THIS Theatre has now closed a most successful season, for which it is more indebted to judicious management, to regularity, and punctual arrangement, than to expensive speculation and adventurous enterprize. No further novelties have been produced since our last report; we proceed, therefore, to a specification of the performances.

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AUGUST.

Tuesday, 25. The Spanish Barber, G. Colman—Blue Devils, G. Colman—The Castle of Sorrento.

[The numerous and brilliant company which visited the theatre this evening, in compliment to Mrs. MOUNTAIN, afforded a gratifying and convincing proof of the high estimation, in which the talents and character of that excellent actress are deservedly held. It seldom happens that we see the *singer* and the *performer* blended together in the same individual. Mrs. MOUNTAIN, however, exhibits, in this respect, a pleasing exception to the general course of experience. Her tones are rich, sweet, and clear; her voice capable of great inflexion, and her general style and manner distinguished by that peculiar characteristic, which the French designate by the term *naïveté*, and for which it is difficult to find a correspondent expression in the English language. The improvement she has made under the auspices of RAUZZINI, during her late residence at Bath, is truly astonishing, and universally acknowledged by all *connoisseurs*, who have known her previous to her re-appearance on the Metropolitan boards last year. She combines scientific attainments with simplicity, and in the ballad-line approaches nearer to Mrs. BLAND's manner than any other performer on the stage.

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She introduced this evening, for the first time in public, Mr. CHANDLER's ballad of the *Beggar Girl*, which was received with the greatest applause. With the exception of Mr. FAWCETT, no performer can boast such a brilliant and productive benefit this season, as Mrs. MOUNTAIN.]

26. The Iron Chest, G. Colman—The Review, &c. Colman.

27. Sighs; or, The Daughter, P. Hoare—The Corsair.

28. The Children in the Wood, Morton—The Gipsy Prince, C. Moore—The Review, Colman.

[Mr. KELLY took his benefit this evening; but sorry are we to add, under very inauspicious circumstances. Indeed, from the general appearance of the house, and more particularly the "beggarly account of empty boxes," we greatly doubt whether he cleared his expences. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider that during the whole season he has not appeared in one popular character; but, on the contrary, has experienced, even in his own line, as a *singer*, the most mortifying symptoms of disapprobation. As *Prince of the Gipsies*, his ears have been saluted every night that piece was acted, not with thunders of applause, but with hisses and groans. And when he attempted to personate *Armstrong*, the chieftain of the robbers, in the *Iron Chest*, the audience contrasting his appearance and manner with the character, took it for an absolute burlesque, and expressed their feelings in loud bursts of laughter. The fact is, that mere execution and *Italian dilettantship* will never please the grand mass of a British audience. *John Bull* visits the theatre to witness a play, to see an *actor*, not a *crotchet and quaver-monger*! Unfortunately for Mr. K——, he has not merely to learn to *act*, but even to *speak*; he bolts his words, like peas out of a *pop-gun*, and knows as little of gesticulation, as an *automaton*!]

29. The Italian Monk, J. Boaden—The Corsair.

Monday,



*Monday*, 31. *Blue Devils*, *Colman*—*Inkle and Yarico*, *Colman*—*The Castle of Sorrento*.

## SEPTEMBER.

*Tuesday*, 1. *The Road to Ruin*, *Holcroft*—*The Review*, *Colman*.  
 2. *The Heir at Law*, *Colman*—*The Prisoner at Large*, *O'Keefe*.  
 3. \**The Mountaineers*, *Colman*—*The Corsair*.  
 4. *Cambro-Britons*, *J. Boaden*—*The Corsair*.  
 5. *Lovers' Vows*, *Mrs. Inchbald*—*The Corsair*.

*Monday* 7. †*The Poor Gentleman*, *Colman*—*Obi*; or, *Three Finger'd Jack*—*Fawcett*.  
 8. *Sighs*; or, *The Daughter*, *P. Hoare*—*Obi*; or, *Three Finger'd Jack*, *Fawcett*.  
 9. *The Iron Chest*, *Colman*—*Obi*, &c.  
 10. ‡*Speed the Plough*, *Morton*—*The Review*, *Colman*.  
 11. *The Heir at Law*, *Colman*—*Obi*, &c.  
 12. *Abroad, and at Home*, *Holman*—*Obi*, &c.  
*Monday* 14. *The Agreeable Surprize*, *O'Keefe*—*The Review*, *Colman*—*Obi*, &c.  
 15. *The Point of Honour*, translated from the French by *C. Kemble*—*The Corsair*.

With the performances of this evening, strictly speaking, terminated the summer campaign at this theatre, which, as we have already observed, has proved, in point of profit to the proprietorship, one of the most successful seasons on record. On the dropping of the curtain, Mr. Fawcett, the deputy manager, came forward, and in the name of the proprietor and performers, returned thanks to the audience for the liberal encouragement and support, which they had vouchsafed to the undertaking. This address was received with the most flattering marks of applause.

The following night Mr. WALDRON, the Prompter, according to annual custom, took a benefit at this theatre,

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\* For the benefit of Mr. Jewell, the treasurer.

† For the benefit of Mrs. Gibbs.

‡ For the benefit of Mr. Fawcett.

under a licence from the lord chamberlain. The performances selected for this occasion, were

*Wednesday, 16. The Country Girl, D. Garrick—The Devil to Pay, C. Coffey.*

As the regular company was now disbanded, the representation of course was got up by such performers as were not in a state of requisition that night at the winter theatres. Mr. Dowton personated *Moody*—Mr. Barrymore appeared in his old character of *Harcourt*—Mr. R. Palmer sustained his customary part of *Sparkish*; and Mr. J. Palmer enacted *Belville*, as the substitute for Mr. C. Kemble. Mrs. Harlowe performed the part of *Peggy*, a character, which she sustained at Drury Lane last season, *vice* Mrs. Jordan. A young female candidate for Thespian honours, whose name we do not know, put in her claim this evening, as the representative of *Alithea*.

In the after-piece, Mrs. Harlowe displayed considerable talent, in the whimsical part of *Nell*.

To pass from this general retrospect to specific *detail*, the two principal objects which this month challenge our especial notice, are the *Poor Gentleman* and *Speed the Plough*, both of them transplantations from Covent Garden to the summer theatre. The former, as already stated, was produced for the benefit of Mrs. Gibbs; the latter for the benefit of Mr. Fawcett. They are both of them comedies, avowedly constructed on the modern principle; that is to say, comedies, the leading characters of which are written with an express view to the particular talents and style of acting of individuals. As such, it can hardly be expected, that they should be got up with equal felicity and success by performers, who step aside from their proper and legitimate sphere, to answer a temporary and ephemeral purpose. Candid criticism, therefore, will feel inclined to make every due allowance for circumstances,



at the same time that truth demands a fair and impartial statement of the case, as it actually stands. There is a wide and essential difference between the honest exposition of a fact, and invidious comment.

To commence then, as first in the order of representation, with

#### THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

The character of *Frederic Bramble* is one of those dramatic sketches, in which the author has evidently had a favorite and distinguished performer in his eye. *Frederic* is a fiery, volatile, impetuous and eccentric youth, whose feelings are continually getting the start of his judgment, and who passes, by violent and abrupt transitions, from one extreme to the other. For the personation of such a character, drawn with all the vigour and spirit of Mr. *Colman's* pen, it will be readily admitted, that no performer on the stage is so well qualified, from his natural habits, as Mr. LEWIS. The part requires an actor, who is all life, vivacity and humour. Mr. LEWIS possesses these enviable requisites in a super-eminent degree. He appears always in motion—always gay, spirited and *debonair*. We lose sight of the actor, and fancy that we see the identical being, which the author has sketched before us.

Mr. H. Johnston, on the other hand, who appeared on this occasion as the substitute for Mr. Lewis, is formed for parts of a more serious, dignified and sentimental nature. He has too much solidity and weight for light and gossamer characters, if we may be allowed the use of this metaphor. His comic efforts betray too much labour—and for volatile delineation, he is much too solemn and impressive. We mention not these circumstances, by way of detracting from the merit of Mr. Johnston—to which we are always ready to award its due portion of praise. On the contrary, the whole drift of our remarks tends simply to  
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prove, that different purposes require different talents—and that the man, who excels in his own legitimate sphere, may not appear to equal advantage, when he moves in a foreign walk. Mr. Lewis is as little competent to fill Mr. Johnston's range of characters, as is Mr. Johnston to usurp Mr. Lewis's cast of parts.

As the representative of *Lieut. Worthington*, Barrymore cannot be placed on a par with Mr. Murray. He possesses neither the ease nor the dignity which characterize the performances of the latter gentleman. There is, likewise, a coldness in his manner, the natural result of laboured study, which greatly detracts from the interest which the spectator would otherwise take in the scene, if he discovered less of the workings of art.

Mr. R. Palmer was very successful in the part of the trusty *corporal*, vice Mr. Knight. His delineation was correct, and drawn with feeling.

Narrow and circumscribed as it is, there is one particular line of characters, in which Mr. Waddy puts in a strong claim to commendation. This is in blunt, caustic characters, such as *Gerald*, in *Speed the Plough*, and *Humphrey Dobbins*, in the *Poor Gentleman*. Mr. Davenport, who this evening acted as his substitute, in the part of Dobbins, falls greatly short of his predecessor.

Atkins, who really is not wholly destitute of merit, though very subordinate in its degree, sustained the trifling part of *Farmer Harrowby*, in lieu of Mr. Townsend. In our original comments on this play, see *DRAMATIC CENSOR*, Vol. IV. page 105, we remarked, that the part was unworthy the talents of that performer.

Mrs. Davenport supplied the place of Mrs. Mattocks, as the representative of the *Hon. Miss Lucretia Mactab*. As a general actress, Mrs. Davenport is one of the most useful members of the theatrical corps, and we never witness



ness her performances without experiencing considerable satisfaction. But in the specific character of *Mactab*, she loses, by comparison with Mrs. Mattocks. The latter lady gives to the part a height of colouring, and a breadth of shade, which we do not meet with, to the same degree, in Mrs. Davenport's delineation. Still is Mrs. Davenport's performance entitled to no mean applause.

The rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* retained their accustomed cast. Mr. Munden, who this evening made his re-appearance, (for that night only,) on the Haymarket boards, after an absence of three years, in his original character, as *Sir Robert Bramble*, was received with the most flattering marks of approbation. Such, and so continued were the thunders of applause which welcomed him on his *entré*, that the performance was literally suspended, till vent had been given to the effervescence of the public predilection in his favour.

## II. SPEED THE PLOUGH.

The chief, though, by no means the only, drawback and loss of interest, which this drama experienced in the representation on the Haymarket boards, resulted, avowedly from the substitution of Suett, *vice* Munden, in the highly whimsical and entertaining, however incongruous and extravagant, part of *Sir Abel Handy*. Munden possesses a copious, we had almost said, an infinite fund of rich and diversified humour, which, in every instance, adapts itself with wonderful facility and discrimination to the different shades and gradations of character, rank, and situation in life. Suett, on the other hand, is *semper idem*; his humour always coarse; his manners always inelegant: His wit that of a buffoon, his gesticulation, or action, vulgar, *outrè*, and, but too frequently nauseous and disgusting. We are only satisfied with him when he personates contemptibility.

Instead

Instead of that good-humoured pleasantry, commingled with archness and cunning, which Munden infuses into the part of *Sir Abel*, Suett gave us the portraiture of a low, despicable empiric, half idiot, half buffoon. His jokes were so ill-delivered, and so little seasoned with that irresistible drollery, which charms us in Munden's performance, that they excited a smile in no one's countenance but his own. In most of his prominent *traits*, he exhibited a servile copy of his predecessor, which, by being ill executed, disgusted even more than his own spontaneous effusions would have done, as the force of contrast more pointedly discovered and enhanced his deficiency. In the last scene but one of the fifth act, where *Sir Abel* rushes on the stage, in a state of distraction and alarm, having set fire to the castle, Suett, distrusting his own powers, had recourse to trickery and mechanical artifice. Munden renders this scene irresistibly ludicrous, by his expressive look, and wonderful command of feature. Suett, on the other hand, is under the necessity of supplying the want of genuine humour, by buffoonery. Munden makes no change in his dress; whereas Suett equipped himself in a red night gown and flannel cap, and falling on his knees, as if in the act of prayer, practised the tricks and grimaces of a *Merry Andrew*. This ridiculous farce procured him a few claps from his friends in the one shilling gallery; but the more enlightened part of the audience regarded his mummary with merited contempt and indignation.

Barrymore's *Sir Philip* and Mr. Powell's *Morrington*, were much on a *par* with the performance of the original representatives of those characters. Emery displayed considerable talent, as *Farmer Ashfield*, though he does not come up to the excellency of Mr. Knight, whose acting in this part may justly be styled a *chef d'oeuvre* of professional



professional skill. *Bob Handy*, *Henry*, and the lovely *Emma* remained in the hands of their accustomed representatives, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston. Of the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* we shall charitably say nothing.

After the notice we have already taken of Mr. Kelly, we conceive it unnecessary to enter into a further detail, respecting that gentleman's performance. Where it is out of our power to commend, superfluous repetition must ever prove a painful and a trying office. Doubtless, he does his best, and if improvement be denied him, it is cruel to reproach him with his hard destiny.

#### MRS. LITCHFIELD.

Since our last, this actress has given us, at least, *one* instance, in proof of her superior *versatility* of talent, as modestly trumpeted forth by her husband in the *Monthly Mirror*, (see our former Number, page 73) by adding another character to her *solitary* list. In the *Mountaineers*, performed for the benefit of Mr. Jewell, she sustained the part of *Floranthé*, hitherto represented by Miss De Camp. To descant on *personal* characteristics, when they make *against* an individual, is certainly a severe trial of duty; but truth compels us to observe, that Mrs. Litchfield is a most ungraceful *breeches-figure*. Her proportions are coarse, clumsy and unsymmetrical; her movements inelegant; her features want expression, and are characterized by a vacancy of look, bordering on vulgarity, which produces a very disagreeable effect. This consideration renders it the more astonishing, that, in both of her characters, *Julia* and *Floranthé*, she should choose to appear in *breeches*! She cannot plead necessity for her excuse, as there are several actresses, who might advantageously have supplied her place. Miss Chapman is unquestionably a very elegant figure in *breeches*; tall, well-proportioned,

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with a goodly leg, and comely thigh, and well formed about the hips. To what cause, then, are we to attribute it, that the very woman, who is least qualified to assume the *male attire*, and *wear the breeches*, should be the most ambitious to *unsex* herself? Mrs. Litchfield would do well if, instead of contemplating herself in her husband's *Monthly Mirror*, she would review herself in the *Mirror of Truth*, which we, from motives of the most sincere and friendly nature, now take the liberty of holding up to her. She has talents; but, unfortunately, they have been over-rated and misapplied.

MISS TYRER.

To the promising talents of this young candidate for Thespian honours, we have ever been eager to award their due share of fosterage, encouragement, and praise. We have not the honour of a personal acquaintance; indeed, from motives which need little or rather no explanation, we have systematically endeavoured to avoid all familiar intercourse with professional characters. But forming our judgment upon public grounds, and reasoning from the specimen we have publicly witnessed, we feel no hesitation to give it as our public opinion, that she promises fair to prove an acquisition to the stage. Her figure, indeed, is against her; but when we reflect on the great preponderancy of talent over *physical* objections, and take into consideration the successful career of a certain actress, (Mrs. B.) whose personal characteristics bear the closest resemblance and analogy to the present subject of discussion, we conceive ourselves warranted in cherishing the hope and conviction, that her intrinsic merit will completely triumph over every partial obstacle. Not less in manner, than in person, does she approach to the model of that justly admired favorite, Mrs. Bland. To the respectable list of parts which she has already sustained with  
considerable



considerable ability, she has, since our last, added that of *Wouski*, in Mr. Colman's pleasing opera of *Inkle and Yarico*. There is a certain indescribable charm in her acting, a *je ne sais quoi*, as lord Chesterfield would term it, which strongly interests in her favour every beholder. *Naieté* constitutes the prominent feature in her performance.

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### OPENING OF THE WINTER THEATRES.

The opening of the winter campaign this season was preceded by certain events, on the part of the two rival houses, which evinced a firm resolve to contest the field with fierce and determined zeal. *Richard the Third* was the play selected at both theatres for the opening night. This, as our readers will recollect, was the play, in which Mr. Cooke made his *debut* on the metropolitan boards—and its representation proved more productive to the treasury of Covent Garden, than that of any other drama performed during the whole season. Under such circumstances, it was natural that Covent Garden should have recourse to a play, the attractions of which were certain and acknowledged, in preference to one of doubtful and precarious issue. Covent Garden accordingly advertised *Richard the Third* for the opening night.

Contrary to the usual *etiquette* of the theatre, Drury-Lane announced the same play, after the Covent Garden bills had been distributed. This procedure gave birth to remonstrance, on the part of Covent Garden; but the Drury Lane manager was not inclined to alter his announcement. This afforded a plain and incontrovertible proof, that he had prepared himself for a personal trial of strength, and that he was determined to meet his rival, on his own ground; a disposition which we witnessed with considerable

considerable pleasure, as emulation is unquestionably the surest guide to excellence. The prompt opportunity, which this arrangement presented, of contrasting the talents of these two theatrical rivals, and forming a correct judgment of their respective claims, wound up public expectation to its highest pitch, and rendered every lover of the drama eager to behold the trial. But at the very moment when they looked for the gratification of their desire, their hopes were most cruelly disappointed by the unaccountable absence of one of the two combatants—Mr. Cooke.

#### DRURY LANE.

This theatre took the lead in opening the winter campaign, which commenced, Saturday, September 12, with Shakspeare's historical play of *King Richard the Third*. Mr. Kemble has evidently availed himself of the recess, to study the character of *Richard* with the most intense application, and the style in which he has this season acquitted himself is such, as discovers that he has devoted his whole attention, his whole soul to the successful accomplishment of the arduous enterprize. We shall not however, this month enter into a detailed account of his performance in this character; as a publication has appeared within these few days, drawing a parallel between Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke, in the part of *Richard*, which, from the cursory view we have been able to take of it, seems to us entitled to minute and serious investigation. We shall, therefore, postpone our remarks on this subject till our next. Mean while we subjoin a specification of the performances.

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Saturday, 12. *Richard the Third*, Shakspeare—No Song No Supper,  
P. Hoare.

Tuesday, 16. *Hamlet*, Shakspeare—Mock Doctor,—H. Fielding.

Thursday, 17. *Deaf and Dumb*, from the French,—Comus, Milton.

Saturday,



*Saturday, 19.* The Castle Spectre, *M. G. Lewis*—Of Age to Morrow.

*Tuesday, 22.* Richard the Third, *Shakespeare*—Blue Beard,—*G. Colman.*

*Thursday, 24.* Wheel of Fortune, *Cumberland*—Blue Beard, *Colman.*

The merits, as well of the several dramas here enumerated, as of the performers concerned in their representation, have been so repeatedly canvassed, in the former numbers of this work, that it would not only be superfluous, but tedious and impertinent to go over the same ground again. We shall, therefore, only observe, that Mr. Powell has succeeded to Mr. Bannister's part of *Dupre*, in *Deaf and Dumb*—a change highly advantageous to the interests of the piece, as Bannister is avowedly out of his element in a character of that description. Mr. Powell performs the part with appropriate dignity and feeling.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

Has opened under less auspicious circumstances than her Drury-Lane rival. The absence of Mr. Cooke on the opening night, has entirely deranged the whole plan and system of proceedings. Mr. Cooke was to have acted as an equiponderant weight in the scale against the attractions of Mrs. Billington, when professionally engaged at the other house. But here a series of continued disappointment presents itself. In consequence of Mr. Cooke's non-appearance, the play of *Richard the Third* was necessarily set aside, and in its stead, substituted

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*Monday, 14.* Lovers' Vows, *Mrs. Inchbald*—Selima and Azor, *Sir G. Collier.*

*Wednesday, 16.* The Poor Gentleman, *Colman*—Il Bondocani, *T. Dibdin.*

*Friday, 18.* The School for Prejudice, *T. Dibdin*—St. David's Day, *T. Dibdin.*

*Monday, 21.* Romeo and Juliet, *Shakspeare*—Perouse.

*Wednesday, 23.* Speed the Plough, *Morton*—Lock and Key, *P. Hoare.*

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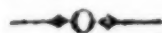
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Want of room obliges us to postpone a variety of notices and remarks till our next; but we cannot refrain from making a few animadversions on the appearance of Mr. Lacey, jun. (the gentleman, who, last season, acted *Hamlet*, at this theatre) in the character of *Sir Philip Blandford*, in *Speed the Plough*. This part has hitherto been sustained by Mr. Pope, who, we find, is no longer engaged at Covent Garden. With the exception of his habitual *whine*, Mr. Pope certainly displayed considerable address in his delineation of the character.—which requires feeling, dignity, and gentlemanly deportment. Mr. Lacey, this evening, totally overdid his part. The ghastliness of his look, his antiquated dress, continual stoop, and palsied manner, bespoke the debility of second childhood, and would have accorded better with the depicture of a *Lear*, than a person in *Sir Philip's* circumstances. Every motion was studied, laboured, and mechanical. Not one single *trait* of nature were we able to discover throughout the whole of his performance. His general appearance was that of a person who had played truant from a churchyard, before the day of resurrection! It was throughout an agonizing, torturing, and excruciating spectacle.

To speak of a young candidate for Thespian honours in terms of harshness and severity, must ever prove a painful office to a liberal mind. We wish not to wound the feelings of Mr. LACEY, or any other individual; but truth compels us to observe, that had he been contended to start in a subordinate capacity, as a third or fourth-rate actor, he would much better have consulted his own interest, his character, dignity, and honour. By obtruding himself on the public in a sphere above his just level, he renders his errors and deficiencies more glaringly conspicuous, and wantonly exposes himself to open and unqualified reprehension.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

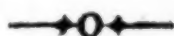


## THE ORIGIN OF GREAT BRITAIN,

AN ANACREONTIC, by T. D——n,

*Intended as a Supplement to OVID's Metamorphoses.*

In nova fert animus. OVID, Met. Lib. I.



I.

COME, jolly companions,  
And let us be glad,  
For sure, 'tis a folly  
For man to be sad.  
'Tis a truth, by Divines,  
And by Sages confest,  
That life is uncertain,  
And short, at the best.

II.

If so, then it follows,  
Our duty must be  
To make the most of it:  
In this we agree.  
Then fill up your glasses,  
And let us drink round:  
"Here's a health to the lad  
"That first reels to the ground!"

III.

Whilst Nature's full vigour;  
Whilst young blood we boast;  
We'll drink and be merry,  
And this be the toast:  
"Old England for ever,  
(Whilst liquor we've got,)  
"Which floats in the sea,  
"Like a toast in a pot."

IV. I'll

## IV.

I'll sing you a song  
 Which was never in print;  
 You'll like it, I'm sure,  
 Or the devil is in't!—  
 One day, as I wander'd  
 A great way from town,  
 Being faint, and quite weary,  
 I laid myself down.

## V.

'Twas a grove most delightful,  
 Where trees form'd a shade,  
 Which sun-beams in vain sought,  
 Through noon, to invade.  
 I pull'd out my bottle,  
 And drank pretty deep;  
 It follows, of course,  
 That I soon fell asleep.

## VI.

But, wak'd on a sudden,  
 I cast mine eyes round,  
 Jump'd up in an instant,  
 And follow'd the sound.  
 From a copse not far distant  
 It seem'd to proceed;  
 I drew near with caution,  
 And less haste than heed.

## VII.

Conceal'd in a thicket,  
 I saw, with surprize,  
 I pray you give credit\*;  
 I tell you no lies:

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\* —————Credite posteri

Nil parvum, aut humili modo,

Nil mortale loquar. HOR.



A whole herd of Satyrs,  
 Lie stretch'd on fresh grass,  
 In the midst, Old Silenus,  
 Reclin'd on his ass.

## VIII.

Two wanton young Satyrs,  
 Who lov'd a good song,  
 Had \*caught the god napping,  
 And dragg'd him along.  
 "A song, or we'll bind you—"  
 At once they all cry;  
 Poor drunken Silenus  
 Is forc'd to comply.

## IX.

He sang, how Old Saturn,  
 As poets have feign'd,  
 In the Age they call Golden,  
 Ere Jupiter reign'd,  
 Would often get tipsy;  
 And drunk he must be,  
 Who 'twixt †stones and his *children*,  
 No diff'rence could see!

\* Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,  
 Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.  
 ———sæpe senex, spe CARMINIS, ambos

Luserat, injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis. VIRG. Ecl. iv.

† We are told by the Greek and Roman mythologists, that Saturn made a practice of devouring his male offspring as soon as they were born, in consequence of a prediction that he should be supplanted by his sons. To this prophecy several of his offspring fell an untimely sacrifice; till, at length, Rhea, on the birth of Jupiter and Neptune, contrived to palm a stone upon him, which Saturn, (who certainly must have been *deeply in his cups*, not to perceive the trick) very contentedly swallowed, without the least suspicion.

Audiit ex Terræ dicto Coelique nitentis  
 Se fore vincendum a nato; sic fata revolvi.  
 Quare observabat natos non segniter omnes  
 Atque vorabat eos genitos; Rhea at ipsa dolebat.

x. The

## X.

The streams flow'd with nectar,  
The sea then was wine ;  
'Twas a maxim with Saturn,  
And so it is mine,  
On all high occasions,  
And many were they,  
To fly to his bottle,  
And tipple all day.

## XI.

From this, jolly toppers,  
It plain doth appear,  
The gods, in all ages,  
Were fond of good cheer.  
Ambrosia and nectar,  
Though diff'ring in name,  
From dry toast and red port,  
In fact, were the same.

## XII.

In the midst of the ocean,  
Large, pointed, and high,  
A rock rear'd its summit,  
Which reach'd to the sky.  
Here often with Rhea,  
To taste the fresh air,  
And drain the full goblet,  
Would Saturn repair.

## XIII.

One day, in a quarrel,  
For each would have most,  
Being heated with liquor,  
They strove for the toast.  
They pull'd and they struggled,  
When, lo! they all three,  
Toast, Saturn, and Rhea  
Fell into the sea!

xiv. But



## XIV.

But now view a wonder,  
Transform'd, quick as sight,  
The toast forms an island,  
On which they alight.  
Old Saturn, with pleasure,  
Surveys his new reign,  
And hails the blest island,  
The QUEEN OF THE MAIN!

## XV.

Here ceas'd Old Silenus,  
Then call'd for his glass,  
Drank it off to the bottom,  
And mounted his ass.  
The sturdy beast scarcely  
Could carry the load,  
So groaning and panting,  
Away they both rode.

## XVI.

'Then drink to Old England,  
(Whilst liquor we've got)  
Which floats in the sea,  
Like a toast in a pot!  
For ever victorious  
Old England shall reign,  
'The pride of blue Neptune!  
The QUEEN OF THE MAIN!

## THE BEGGAR GIRL,

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN at the Haymarket Theatre.

Written and composed by JOHN WESTBROOKE CHANDLER\*.

## I.

OVER the mountains, and over the moor,  
 Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn;  
 My father is dead, and my mother is poor,  
 And we grieve for the days that will never return.  
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity!  
 Keen blows the wind, and the night's coming on:  
 Give me some food for my mother, for charity,  
 Give me some food, and then I'll be gone.

## II.

Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold enough;  
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew:  
 I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,  
 They shall work hard for the gifts you bestow.  
 Pity, kind gentlemen; &c.

## III.

Oh think, while you revel so careless and free;  
 Secure from the wind, and well cloathed and fed;  
 Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be,  
 To beg at the door for a morsel of bread.  
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity!  
 Keen blows the wind; and the night's coming on:  
 Give me some food for my mother, for charity,  
 Give me some food, and then I'll be gone.

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\* This gentleman constitutes a rare instance of the association of talent. His *Sir Hubert*, an Heroic Ballad, in eight parts, has sufficiently established his poetical character, and he equally excels in the polite accomplishments of music and painting.